

# Witches and Dragons

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Summary: They say golden eyes is what gives away a witch. She has been in hiding all her life. He has been the odd one out, the accident, the mistake. But one very special girl with golden eyes and a free spirit escapes from hiding and stirs everything up. Rated T just in case.

## 1. The Escape

She sighed, levitating the dried up rose before replenishing its beauty. It uncurled, the lovely blood-red bloom unfurling and soaking through the petals like water. She glanced out of the tower window. A jet black curl flew into her face. With a roll of her golden eyes, she blew it out of her face. "Mother!" she called dryly, knowing the answer to the not-even-asked question. "Can I go outside?" It was a desperate attempt at a lost cause. "No, Katrina," a warm, sincere voice purred. "You know what would happen if those Vikings saw you." She groaned. "They'd catch me, and would either have a dragon kill me or I'd be burned alive. I've heard it all before, Mother." Her hand formed a tight fist, and the rose turned black and drained dead, its thorns more prominent. "I \_despise\_ being locked up in this tower. I'm \_sixteen\_, Mother. I can control my powers." Her mother, a tall, concerned, simple woman, furrowed her brows, brushing her own long, brown hair. The girl turned, her golden eyes pleading. "Do you promise?" "I promise. I won't even go into town, I swear on my life. Just a little— exploration?" "No, Kat." "Oh, garn! I'm so good at controlling my powers, I wouldn't give myself away, or accidentally kill anyone, I promise! I'll stay in the woods, get fresh air— be outside. I'm beginning to believe I'm getting cabin fever, Mom!"

Her mother groaned as the girl begged, using excuses, stories, and anything she could to get outside. "Will you never bother with this again?" "Oh yes, I promise!" "Will you be extremely careful to not use your powers?" "Yes, I will, Mother." "No. I just— I'm so nervous for you. You can't leave. Not until you're eighteen." \_Two years?!\_ The girl's pale, thin face grew agitated. "I'm fine! I can

pretend to be normal! I just need someoneâ€¦ not just youâ€¦ I need friends; I need to meet peopleâ€¦" Her mother walked away, straightening things around and adjusting flowers. "In two years, Katrina. When you're eighteen." Kat groaned. "Oh, fine! I'll never leave, I'll be pale and thin and sickly and be unable to run and jump and fight because I can't go outside. Let me die here, I don't care." Her mother turned in shock at her daughter's outburst. "Katrina!" Her face was red. She was standing in the window. Her mother couldn't stop her. Nobody could stop her. Her black cape was around her golden and dark gray dress, and over her head. "Goodbye, mother. I won't be seeing you. You can lead a normal life now. I won't be holding you back." She leaned back, and the air caught her, and she fell to the ground, landing on her feet. She glanced back at the tower. "No more being trapped, I suppose," she said, grinning. She ran into the woods, grinning.

He ran a hand through his hair. "Now, class, what do we do with dragons and witches?" "We kill them," the class answered obediently. "How do we know if a person is a witch? Anyone?" He raised his hand. He knew about how terrible dragons and witches were. "Yes, Hiccup?" "Theyâ€¦ they have golden eyes. Like a hawk or an owlâ€¦ or even sometimes a dragon." Astrid huffed, upset that he knew so much. "Thank you, Hiccup." Back to the everyday, boring, portal of not fitting in. Gobber was talking about dragon's weaknesses and how the Vikings kill witches and then how to insult people and fight dragons and all the other usual Viking things. Hiccup ran a hand through his hair again. If only something could stop this and he could escape and find that Night Fury he shot down at Raven Point. Odin help him, he was going to confront an injured Night Furyâ€¦ alone. If he survived, he probably wouldn't tell anyone. "Okay, well, class, same time tomorrowâ€¦" The whole class, Astrid, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, Fishlegs, and, of course, Hiccup, exited quickly. Hiccup dashed away from the others, and toward Raven Point. "Now, to find that Night Furyâ€¦"

He stalked through the woods, agitated that he couldn't find it. "The gods hate me. Some people lose a sword, a dagger, maybe, but me? I manage to lose a whole DRAGON!" He scratched in his book; all the possible places he had marked were a negative. He smacked the branch hanging low in front of him, to have it pop him in the face. "Ow!" He realized that the branch was low because the tree had been split. He moved forward, more hopeful this time. He peered over a large rock, and saw the Night Fury, lying in the grass, tied up. He gasped, pulling himself behind the rock. There it was. Powerless. He could kill it. His life would be infinitely better. He stumbled from behind the rock, and fumbled to get his dagger. He held it protectively. He walked toward the dragon. "Okayâ€¦ I'm going to kill you nowâ€¦" The dragon looked at him, almost mockingly. He held the knife over his head, eyes closed. He peeped at the dragon. He couldn't do it. He ran a hand through his hair. "I can do this," he said, raising the dagger again. "I'm a Viking. I'm a Viking!" He said that last one to the dragon. It closed its eyes and accepted its fate. Hiccup started cutting the ropes. He didn't realize that a pair of golden eyes were watching from the bushes, intent on his every move.

Kat wanted to pull her hair out. This boy was delusional. He just had to know the thing would come after him. He was almost done with the last rope. Kat tensed, ready to leap and protect this boy. A dragon was going to be the end of her, anyways. Might as well be this one. In one, quick moment, the last rope snapped, the dragon rose up, and

Kat sprang forward, between the gangly boy and the dragon. "Get back! Go on, leave him alone. He did you a service, did he not? Back!" The dragon did not budge, but stood, snarling, curious about this girl. She turned to the boy. "Run, you stupid boy!" He didn't budge, but sat still, mesmerized by this strange girl. The dragon lunged forward, trapping them both against a rock, beside each other. The dragon's claw sliced her cheek. Kat felt the fresh gash on her face begin to bleed. He roared, although it was more of a scream, in their faces, before he tried to fly away, but tumbling down again. The boy got up and tried to walk away, but crumpled to the ground in an unconscious heap. "Oh no. Oh no oh no oh no!" Kat dashed over to him, picked him up and turned him over. He was evidently breathing, just unconscious. Who could entirely blame him? But he wasn't breathing regularly. They were either stressed breaths or difficult ones. Kat set a hand on his chest, and focused. She focused on the thought of him waking up and being fine. In a minute or so, he woke up.

"Agh, what happened?" "Youâ€¦ fellâ€¦ and you hit your head. I was going back into the woods to find a friend of mine, and I saw you fallâ€¦" He noticed the trickle of blood down her face. "You're hurt." She smiled a bit, crookedly, although it irritated her cheek. "That branch back there's a bit nasty, eh?" He then realized exactly what had happened. "Theâ€¦ the Night Furyâ€¦ and you! You tried to protect me from thatâ€¦ thatâ€¦ that dragon!" She smiled again, and the gash on her cheek seared with pain, and a hand flew up to it. It wasn't her hand. "Come on, I have to help you." "No, no, I'm fineâ€¦ I promiseâ€¦" She pulled the hood on her back over his hand and her cut. He moved upwards, before realizing that he couldn't get up. "Uh, could you maybeâ€¦ let me up?" Her hand flew from his chest as he turned a bright red. "Oh! I'm sorry. I-I justâ€¦" She looked at the ground, trying to hide her golden eyes. She knew exactly what would happen if he saw her eyes. Didn't she? He was rather different. Maybe, if she explained her caseâ€¦ No, no, no. He wasn't to know. "I wished to know if you were okay. Youâ€¦ collapsed. I fear very great for those who seemâ€¦ like that." He gave her a crooked smile, his hand still on her bleeding face. She put an ice-cold hand on his hand. He was taken aback at the chill of her hand. She looked up, and into his green eyes. They were a stormy sea gray-green, and her golden ones widened as she realized just exactly what she had done. He took in a breath. "Witchâ€¦" Her heart caught, like someone had grabbed it and jerked her back. For a split second, she was completely and utterly frozen. Her instincts cut in. She whipped his hand off of her cheek and dashed away, into the woods. The gash was still bleeding, but it didn't matter.

She had to get away. Somebody knew. And she had to escape.

## 2. Making Friends

\*\*(A/N: So sorry for how epically -it that a word?- long it took. I apologize deeply. Now, without farther ado, Chapter 2! 3) \*\*

She ran away, in a frenzied, terrified, tangle of hair, dress, and legs. Things caught at her dress, tripped her, but she kept going. Briars snapped at her skirt, piercing her leg on occasions, but she ignored them. She had to get away. Thatâ€¦ that boy, he should never find her. Ever. She heard him tumbling after her, trying to catch up. Her gash bled, and it stung from the air whipping at it, but it felt only just worse than the briars. Then, just as quickly as she had

left him, a tree root caught her foot and she somersaulted into a clearing, quite unintentionally. She held a hand to her cheek, breathing heavily. How far had she run? She looked around. Nobody. Nothing. No noise, except for the chirping of the birds and the occasional scuttle of a creature. Then, what she was listening for. A clumsy, loud stumbling of a human. She caused the tree branches to weave themselves together on all sides of her, so nobody could get past. Shortly, she heard the sound of a knife hacking at the branches. She sighed.

"You must really want to kill me, don't you?" It wasn't really a question. "Well, I suppose if you must kill me then an introduction is in order, wouldn't it be? I am Katrina. I am, as you would call me, a witch. I would not, however, would not, could not, harm a living breathing soul unless necessary for survival. And the name one calls you by isâ€|?" That was also not really a question. Her airy, slightly maddening way of speaking did not usually use questions. No answer, just at least a cease in hacking. "Hiccupâ€| My name is Hiccup." Her mouth formed a frown of confusion. Hiccup? Why on this flat, green Earth would you name your son Hiccup of all things? She sighed. "I suppose your people like peculiar names to scare off your foes." "Iâ€| uhâ€| I guessâ€|" The branches unraveled like a basket, and Kat smiled at him, rather lopsidedly. He returned the grin. She was sitting on the ground, cheek cupped in her hand, her gray dress slightly brown now. "Hello, Hiccup." He stepped towards her, and she stepped back. "Do you promise not to kill me?" She held her head high, her wild jet black curls bouncing and her yellow eyes flashing. Her gray-brown dress swished with her movement. Her cut hadn't stopped bleeding, and it still stung. He dropped his dagger on the ground, and opened his hands. "Do you promise not to hurt me?" She grinned lopsidedly, before her head buzzed. The running and the gash caught up with her. "Ach!" Her hands held her head. Hiccup backed up warily, unsure. "Ugh, my headâ€|"

He slowly approached her, still very unsure about the witch. After all, all those stories about witches said how terrible and nasty they are. But, the problem was, she didn't seem nasty at all. Should he help her? She seemed awfully harmless. "The proper thing to do would be to help me. But, I suppose Vikings aren't very proper, are they?" Well, that was cutting remark. "Well, lucky for you, Katrina, I'm not like every other Viking out there." She glanced up at him, her golden eyes meeting his emerald ones. "Words mean nothing until proven true, Hiccup." He grinned lopsidedly at her, before coming up beside her, holding out a hand to help her up. "Offers to help mean nothing until people trust you enough." She gave him a full grin, before taking his hand and standing up. "Most anyone would have left me here to die. You're special." He turned a bit red as they began to walk towards the town. The branches unweaved, almost like snakes. The small girl went slowly, holding her gash with one hand. Towards her new, and most likely with her luck incredibly short, life.

\*\*(A/N: Short, I know, but I mean, I have not been... lazy... wait, yeah I have. I own nothing but Katrina and however much stuff she does. Kthnxbx all 5eva!!! Joking, I know how to spell!)\*\*

End  
file.